

# Boom Bashin'

Masta Ace

Here comes the boom, with the hip hop bash as I smash and crash  
How many gangsta rappers are gonna last?  
Not one, they got done, I had fun  
Doin em and screwin em and booin em and chewin em  
I'm slick and I'm quick, up my sleeve is a trick  
Hey! So what, I use funky drummers, suck my dick  
I'm still thick, with murderous beats and heavy kick  
And I'm sick of the so-called shots ya gonna lick  
I slam and I slam and I slam, did I mention that I slam  
Don't eat spinach but I yam what I yam  
Death-defyin like a circus, I work this  
Mic, you can't jerk this, off-beat on purpose  
I never smoke dope, I don't carry a nine  
I ain't no hustler with bitches on my mind  
Gangstas are swimming in the water but comin' up shorter  
I oughta, boom bash and slaughta

I boom and I bash and I bash and I boom  
Check it  
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I'mma break it down, and I do mean down, yo way down  
So far down-down the devil gonna call it underground  
Niggas betta know the fuckin score  
Cause I'm Raw, like Eddie  
And like confetti they get tore  
Up, from the floor, up  
There's no time  
And my spits gettin sprayed in ya face as I rhyme  
So run run run, ya better head for the hills  
Get ya gun gun gun, and ya cyanide pills  
Get the rope for ya neck, and the razor for your wrists  
Cause I'm pissed, and it's suicide to battle this  
Ummm, highly explosive, material  
Grand imperial, pour me on cereal  
Cause I flow from the belly of a cow  
Wipe ya brow, how ya like me now

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You can get with this, or you can get with that  
But you can't get with the man with the mad snap hat  
I take em out with one blow to the cerebellum  
And tell 'em, my jam's so funky that you can smell 'em  
With 26 styles I enter, I bent the-

Rapper like a pole, yo I'm cold like winter  
Rhyme for rhyme, head to head with a one go  
I come from Crooklyn, it's wild like a jungle  
Yeah, you might get a cap jack, ya act mack  
I carry a can of flat black in my napsack  
Lookin for a wall to tag up, I dag up  
And rag up, a nigga yo digga raise the flag up  
I click click my heels, and good is how it feels  
There's no place like home and chrome on ya wheels  
Make it through the project, dance if I choose to  
Hope I didn't lose you, bruise you, I cruise through  
The neighborhood, in a Chevrolet Impala  
Drop to the ground and makin' the girls holla  
Rollin, rollin, rollin, I'm rollin  
Sorry officer, the car ain't stolen  
I really don't care what you thought of me  
I oughta be, far from orderly  
In my fashion, I boom and I bashin'

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